

*Duke upon Duke
An excell^t new Play House Ballad
made at Play house Prison*



A
BALLAD
ON THE
BATTLE
OF THE
Two DUKES.

- 1 **T**O Lordings proud I tune my Song,
Who feast in Bower or Hall;
Though Dukes you be, ~~to~~ Dukes I say,
That *Pride shall have a Fall.*
- 2 Now that this same it is right sooth
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel *John Duke of Guise*
And *Nick of Lancastere.*
- 3 When *Richard (Coeur de Lyon)* reign'd *our rich day*
(Which means a *Lyon's Heart* *Lechmere*)
Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd;
Each play'd a *Lyon's part* *Chandler*
the Outch
- 4 A Word and Blow was then enough,
Such Honour did them prick,
If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff;
And if your A--s, a Kick. *in Law*
- 5 Look in their Face they tweak'd your Nose;
At every turn fell to't;
Come near they trod upon your Toes,
They fought from Head to Foot.
- 6 Of these the Duke of *Lancastere*
Stood Paramount in Pride,
He Kick'd and Cuff'd, and tweak'd and trode
His Foes and *Friends beside.*
- 7 Firm on his Front his Beaver sate
So broad it hid his Chin;
For why, he deem'd no Man his Mate,
feared And *scorn'd* to tann his Skin.
- 8 With *Spanish* Wool he dy'd his Cheeks,
With *Essence* oild his Hair;
No *Vixen* Civet-Cat more sweet,
Nor more could scratch and tear.
- 9 Right tall he made himself to show,
Though made full short by *God*,
And when that other Dukes did *bow*,
This Duke did only *nod.*
- 10 Yet courteous, blithe, and Debonaire,
To *Guise's* Duke was He;
Was never such a Loving pair,
Why did they disagree?
- 11 Oh thus it was, He lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him;
But having no *Friend* left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him:
- 12 Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate Quill
And thus He did indite,
This Eve at Whisk *Our Self* will play,
Sir Duke, be here to Night.
- 13 Ah No, Ah No, the Guileless *Guise*
Demurely did reply,
" I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
" So fore the Gout have I.
- 14 The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds,
And fiercely drove them on; *Thy*
Alack Lord, Lord, how rattled then the *bits*,
Oh King-~~ly~~ *Kensington!*
Kingly



- 15 All in a Trice on *Guise* he rush'd,
 Thrust out his Lady dear,
 He tweak'd his Nose, trod on his Toes,
 And smote him on the Ear.
 16 But mark how midst of Victory
 Fate plays an Old Dog Trick,
 Up leap'd Duke *John* and knock'd him down,
 And so down fell Duke *Nick*.
 17 Alas! O *Nick*, O *Nicholas*!
 Right did thy Gossips call thee;
 As who should say, alas the Day
 When *John* of *Guise* shall maul thee.
 18 For on thee did He clap his Chair,
 And on that Chair did sit,
 And look'd as if He meant therein
 To do what was not fit.
 19 Up didst thou look, oh woeful Duke!
 Thy Mouth yet durst not ope,
 Certes for Fear of finding there
 A T---d instead of Trope.
 20 Lie there thou Caitiff vile, quoth *Guise*,
 No Sheet is here to save thee,
 The Casement it is shut likewise,
 Beneath my Foot I have thee.
 21 If thou hast ought to say now speak.
 Then *Lancasters* did Cry,
 Know'st thou not me nor yet thy self,
 What thou, and what am I?
 22 Know'st thou not me who, God be prais'd,
 Have Brawl'd and Quarrel'd more
 Than all the Line of *Lancasters*
 That Battel'd heretofore.
 23 In Senates fam'd for many a Speech
 And what some awe must give ye
 Tho' now laid low beneath thy Breech
 Still of the C----- Privy.
 24 Still of the D----- Chancellor,
 Durante Life I have it;
 And turn, as now thou dost on me,
 My A--s on those that gave it.
 25 But now the Servants they rush'd in,
 And Duke *Nick* up leap'd He,
 I will not Cope against such Odds,
 But *Guise* I'll Fight with thee.
 26 To Morrow with thee I will Fight
 Under the Green-Wood-Tree.
 No not to Morrow but to Night,
 Quoth *Guise*, I'll meet with thee. *fight*
 27 And now the Sun declining low
 Bestreak'd with Blood the Skies,
 When with his Sword at Saddle Bow
 Rode forth the valiant *Guise*.
 28 Full gently pranc'd He o're the Down *Lawn*
 And rowl'd his Eye around,
 And from his Stirrup stretcht to find
 Who was not to be found.
 29 Long brandish'd He his Blade in Air,
 Long look'd the Field all o're,
 At length He spy'd the merry Men brown
 And eke the Coach and Four.
 30 From out the Boot bold *Nicholas*
 Did wave his Hand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy Glade
 Whereas He meant to fight.
 31 All in that dreadful Hour so calm
 Was *Lancasters* to see,
 As if he meant to take the Air,
 Or only take a Fee. *New*
 32 And so He did; for to *Pump-Court*
 His strowling Wheels did run,
 Not that He shun'd the doubtful Strife,
 But *Business must be done*.
 33 Back in the dark by *Brompton-Park*
 He turn'd up thro' the Gore,
 So struck to *Camden House* so high,
 All in his Coach and Four.
 34 Mean while the *Guise* did fret and fume
 A Sight it was to see
 Benumb'd beneath the Evening Dews
 Under the Green Wood Tree.
 25 Then wet and weary home He far'd
 Sore muttering all the way,
 If ere I meet him *Nick* shall rue *the day I meet Nic. He shall*
 The Cudgel of that Day.
 36 Mean time on every Pissing Post
 I'll Paste this Recreant's Name,
 So every Passer-by shall read
 And Piss against the same.
 37 God save the King and grant more Wit
 Unto his Nobles all,
 To learn this Lesson from Duke *Nick*,
 That *Pride will have a Fall*.